

2
THE
GARTER: *Order of the*

A
POEM

ON THE
SIX LORDS
MADE
KNIGHTS-COMPANIONS
OF THE
Noble Order of the GARTER.

Veterum decora alta parentum! Virg.



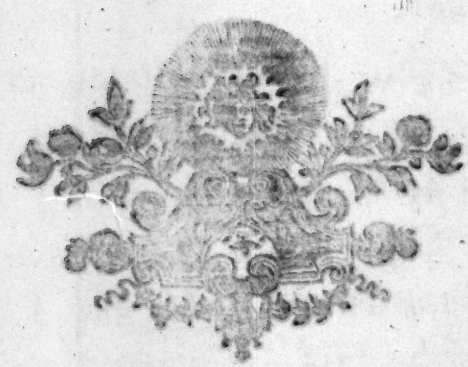
LONDON:

Printed for John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. M DCC XII.

Price Three Pence.

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Walter de Grey, Bishop of Ely



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GARTER:

A POEM.

I Sing not Chiefs associated of Old,
By Sacred Wand directed, to unfold
Magick Delusion, Brazen Fortresses
T' unlock, and raze enchanted Palaces;
Nor with misguided History relate,
How once a Garter dropt, (O lucky Fate
Of Woman's Negligence!) distinguish'd Name;
This Order's Great Original became.

When I survey the numerous Lists of Fame,
That ancient Heroes, and their Acts proclaim;
Where Monuments of Ages past renown'd,
With Valour signaliz'd, with Honour crown'd,
The Glorious Scene to future Time convey,
And all its Grandeur, and Renown display:
Methinks, I see Great EDWARD'S Conquests shine
Thro' all the Records of His Mighty Line;
Methinks, I see by His Auspicious Pow'r
From *Cressy's* Fields victorious Ensigns bore:
What Gen'rous Ardor did His Troops inspire,
Led on to Arms by an Ambitious Fire;
Exalted by their Valiant Leader's Sight,
And GARTER was the Signet of the Fight?

From this the Fam'd Illustrious Order came,
 This the Memorial of *Britannia's* Fame;
 That grac'd her Warriors, and her Arms did prove,
 The Solemn Band of Constancy and Love.
 Princes with Kings, and Senators combin'd,
 By This in strict Fidelity are join'd;
 Immutable as Destiny they stand,
 To the same Center all their Motions tend;
 As Lines when to one common Point impress'd,
 That touch'd, they move, that fix'd, they are at rest.

Excellent Prince! What Gratitude we owe!
 By this His Triumphs shine, and live till now;
 Who wisely saw, when seated on a Throne,
 To guard His Scepter, and defend His Crown;
 And to prevent th' Attempts of secret Foes,
 This the perpetual Tye of Union chose.

Here then Great OXFORD's Celebrated Name
 The largest Tribute of my Verse do's claim.
 But how, my Muse, to such advent'rous Flights,
 How dar'st ascend to such exalted Heights?
 Couldst thou with PRIOR's happy Genius soar,
 Rise with inimitable LANSDOWNE's Pow'r,
 HARLEY should live, when *British* Annals cease,
 Safely enroll'd in thy Immortal Verse.
 From Him thou shouldst the Fair Resemblance draw
 Of Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and shew
 What Cliffs, what Arduous Paths the Virtuous tread,
 How difficult the Way that does to Glory lead:
 But when the long propitious Course is run,
 The Conquest's yielded, and the Prize is won.
 From You, My Lord, Your Country's Quiet flows,
 From You, the Patron of Her sweet Repose:
 See, how *Britannia*, whilst her Triumphs rise,
 Expiring in victorious Ruin lies!
 Her Laurels flourish, but Her Strength decays,
 Pleas'd with the Prospect of approaching Ease.

Your

Your Thoughts beyond *Magellan's* Streights extend,
 The World's by Your unerring Judgment scann'd;
 Remotest Nations by your Wisdom join'd;
 Amazing Depth of a capacious Mind!

If he's a skilful Pilot, who can steer,
 When angry Seas, and Winds tempestuous roar?
 Much greater He, who when tremendous Bands
 Scatter Destruction with revengeful Hands,
 Can the tumultuous Voice of War appease,
 Make all its Thunder in Confusion cease,
 Defeat its Arts, and set the World at Peace.

STRAFFORD's distinguish'd Zeal provokes my Muse,
 STRAFFORD! What Nobler Subject could I chuse?
 'Tis His Concern to guard His Country's Fate,
 Dispute Her Conquests, and Her Limits state;
 His Gen'rous Care t' adjust all *Europe's* Pow'r,
 To reconcile Her Arms, Her Happiness restore.
 What Honour, what Illustrious Name is fit?
 What Dignity for Him, what Praise too Great?
 Who 'midst the dreadful Storms, the raging Spight
 Of War and Desolation, can unite
 Contending Princes, can the Sword remove,
 With more prevailing Arguments the Balance prove.

Thus when th' unguided Mass of Matter strove,
 The Elements confusedly did move
 Within the vast Extent of boundless Space,
 Irregular, without distinguish'd Form, or Place;
 Till *Jove* Omnipotent to each assign'd
 Its Limits, and Eternal Laws enjoin'd;
 For Air, for Earth, and Seas, their Empire chose,
 Taught them their Motions, and prescrib'd their Course.

How shall I sing the Noble *BEAUFORT's* Line?
 In Him united, all their Vertues shine.

How shall I *KENT's* transcendent Acts rehearse?
 His Politicks refin'd, His Fame express?
 Merit like His deserves a Loftier Verse.

But

But now the Scene does its full Lustre shew;
 And represents Great POULETT to our View;
 In vain would I His Counsels celebrate,
 I must admire in Silence what I can't relate.
 As Painters, when the Features rise too great,
 Conceal in Shades, what they want Art to hit.

Alas! brave HAMILTON! what if the Date
 Of Life be clos'd, when every Act's complete?
 He triumphs over Fate, whose Vertues claim
 To be recorded with a SOV'REIGN'S Name.

Auspicious PRINCESS! what High Dignity
 Adorns Thy Subjects, and what Subjects Thee?
 How do's Thy Order in Succession rise,
 With such COMPANIONS grac'd, such KNIGHTS as These?

'Tis then th' intrinsic Worth of Grandeur's prov'd,
 Its Shadow then, its Airy Form remov'd,
 When the Successful are the Brave, and Wise,
 And Patriots Renown'd obtain the Prize.

Let other Ensigns crown each Foreign Ile,
Navarre Her Lilly, and Her Dove *Castile*;
Polonia may Her Royal *Eagle* wear,
 And *Austria's* Sons their Golden *Fleece* admire;
 A GARTER shall the BRITISH Name adorn;
 A Noble List! which have this Emblem born;
 This Emblem of unblemish'd Constancy,
 This undivided Band of Love and Amity.



F I N I S

